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FRENCH KISS

ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

#21

100 PAGES!
52 IN FULL COLOR!

SEX SURFING FUN



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Editorial

Back in the old days, a few years ago or less, before the rise of the Internet, most girls would look at you funny if you asked them to participate in a nudie photo session. Even if you weren't talking about photos of fucking, but only posed shots, starting from them undressing in front of the lens with their legs closed, then spreading their thighs all the way, up to hardcore shots. But man, they would look at you funny. If the chick was shy or very religious, she would dismiss the proposition without a second thought. Those were the girls who went on to have fantasies about getting raped, the ones who wanted to be tied up, the ones who were most inclined to break out the sex toys. The horniest ones, we'll say. And if it wasn't one thing, it was another, although the photo session, in the end, always happened. You'd have to tell the highfalutin' ones about their unusual beauty and say you wanted to photograph them in black and white. Because they were so dumb, they thought that was a sign of creativity or something. They'd think it was art and they'd say yes. These girls wound up getting hardcore as well, but it took longer; you'd have to spend more time taking photos of their faces. Then there were the girls who wanted to be actresses, or the lasses, who would pull out their tits at the sight of a camera. But those girls never held much interest. Guys are like that...

The pictorials became part of a collection, more or less cute and more or less irregular, that you'd look at once in a while to remember aromas, tastes and personalities. And you might beat off to them sometimes, to that brunette with tiny tits who sucked you off in the hallways or to that other girl, the bottle blond, who wound up sticking a beer bottle in herself on the couch at your parents' house. Later, if you brought it up with a bitchy girlfriend, she might make you rip up that little bunch of memories, and beating off to them would be over. But that isn't what's going on with me; I'd never let that happen.

Today cameras are as so much a part of our daily lives we don't even notice them. Now you don't need a great lens for girls to get



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NOE

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SUSI GLAMOUR

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DIEGO GRECO & ERDOSAIN

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AL AZIF & MORR

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JOE STONE

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Brito & Val

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naked; they don't need explanations any more. Surfing the web means accumulating dozens, hundreds of thousands of anonymous and amateur photos on your hard drive, and maybe because of that, because it's all so common and barely even clandestine, it's lost part of its charm.

What does that have to do with the comics in this issue? Nothing. Nothing at all. Comics have never had anything to do with reality; comics are always better than reality. Comics have always had their own animalistic power. The girls in the comics are all made up; you should know that. Have a look at this new edition of French Kiss...

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

First edition, December 2007

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DL: B-35865-2001

Printed in Spain by Ufesa

ISBN: 1579-9298

FRENCH KISS COMIX is a trademark of Ediciones La Capuleta S.L.

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Tel: (34) 93-268-2805 Fax: (34) 93-268-0765

www.frenchkisscomix.com



EXPOSITION

“The Captain”



IT'S "THE CAPTAIN," MY GRANDFATHER'S LAST WORK. WE WERE GOING TO SHOW IT, BUT HE CHANGED HIS MIND. IT'S THE ONLY NUDE HE PAINTED...



OH, MARTIN! WE FORGOT TO HANG THE PAINTING THAT GOT CLEANED! LET'S GO GET IT!



YES,
MARTIN!

Chup! Ahh!

Ahh!

**Chom!
Smak!
Chom!**

**Lam!
Lam!**

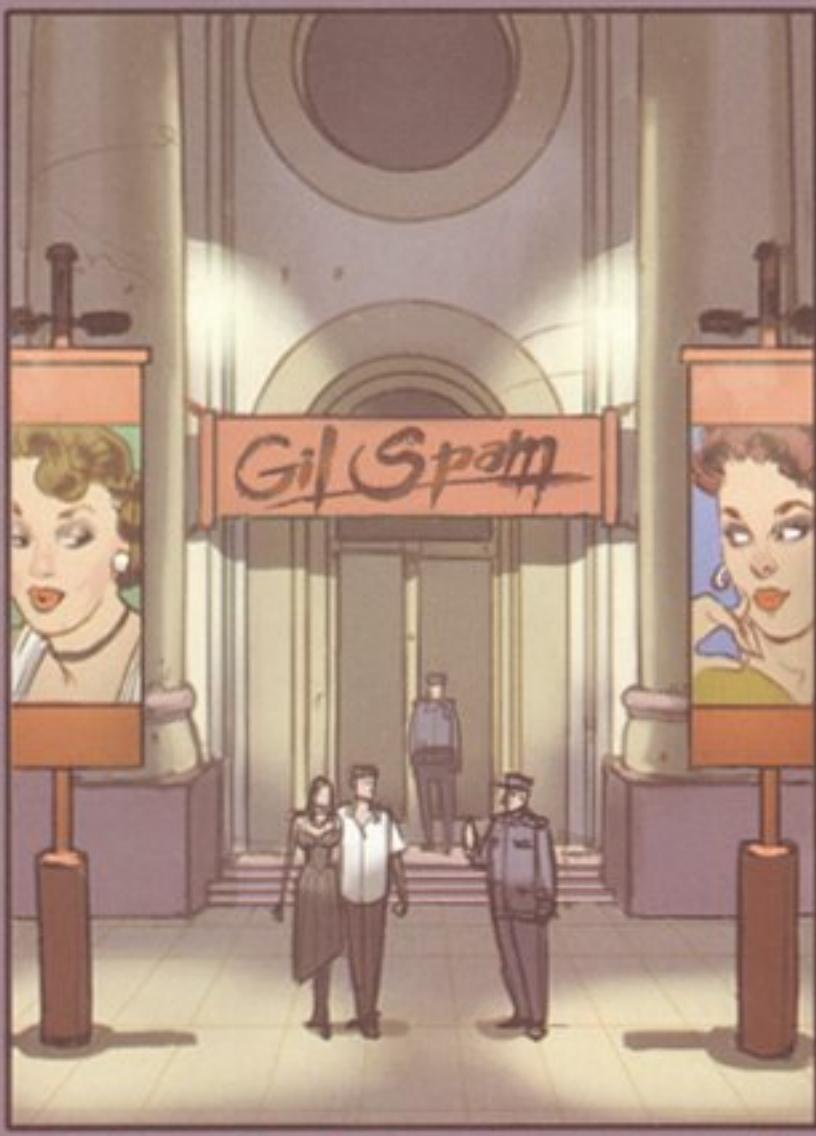
**Chup!
Chom!
Chup!**

Lam! Lam!

**Flop!
Flap!
Flop!**

AHH!







NINA HARTLEY

A HOT HOMAGE TO THE LEGEND OF AMERICAN PORN



"The scenes where I put on a strap-on and savagely fuck another girl get me really horny. They totally get me off."

NINA CONFIDENTIAL

Date and place of birth: March 11, 1959, in Berkeley, California,
Pseudonyms: Anal Annie, Nina Hartman and Nina Hartwell.

Lost her virginity: A little late for a porn star, at eighteen years of age.

Debut in XXX movies: In a little 80s classic, *Educating Nina* (1984).

Her favorite porn actors: Marc Wallice, Herschell Savage, Valentino, Backey Jacyk and Buck Adams.

Her favorite porn actresses: Ashlyn Gere, Alice Springs, Jeanna Fine, Sunset Thomas and Selena Steele.

Not very religious: "Religion never had an effect on me. I'm agnostic, my parents are Buddhists, my little brothers are orthodox Jews and my older brother was a Scientologist. That's too much!"

California mon amour: "I was born in California in the 60s. That was a paradise of partner-swapping, marijuana and free love."

It's an inarguable fact: Nina Hartley is one of the biggest stars in the history of adult cinema. She's been in action since the mid-80s, she's made more than 100 XXX films, she's worked for masters like Gerard Damiano and Henri Pachard and she's shared a bed and sweat with superstars like Ginger Lynn, Traci Lords and John Holmes. Openly bisexual, a defender and activist for freedom and sexual liberty, Nina continues in action and sets a good example for young starlets who want to find their niche in the hardcore business. With more than 45 years resting on her beautiful breasts and gorgeous, firm ass, the veteran Nina Hartley continues her round-the-world tour of strip shows. Make sure you catch her if she stops by your favorite club. You'll never regret it, for sure.



NAKED AND VERY HAPPY

When Nina debuted, the porn industry was very different than it is today. The movies had few plots, the actors knew how to act in addition to fucking and there wasn't such out-of-control production: they made fewer films, but they were a lot better. Plus, the sex wasn't as brutal and the girls enjoyed it more. And you can see that and much more in her first movies. And if you don't know those, here are some examples: *Play Me Again Vanessa* (1986), *Barbara the Barbarian* (1987) and *Ginger Snaps* (1987). Pure sex and fun.

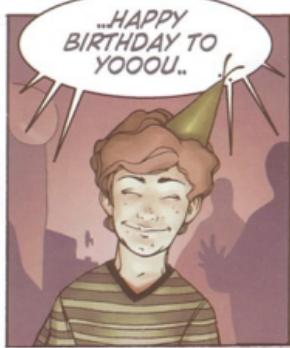
PORN JUST ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Well, friends, they don't make porn like that anymore. In the mid 80s, Nina had roles in XXX movies that are classics. From *The Grafenberg Spot* (1985) by the legendary Mitchell brothers, *Battle of the Stars* (1985)



The apprentice

Diego Greco & Erdosain. Colored by Gonzalo Facio



THE RULES OF GOOD TASTE AND DECORUM MAKE US START HERE.



BUT ACTUALLY, THIS STORY BEGAN SOME YEARS AGO.



MY FAVORITE NEPHEW IS GROWING UP!
AND NOW, THE APPRENTICE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS.



THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT HE'S SURROUNDED BY VARIETY AND ABUNDANCE.



THE BAD NEWS IS THAT SO MUCH ABUNDANCE AND VARIETY IS USELESS.



BETWEEN HIM AND WHAT HE WANTS THERE'S A TRANSPARENT MEMBRANE, IMPERMEABLE AND REAL.



-WORK THE MIRACLE OF LIFE



...there's another fascinating surprise...



...and a challenge to overcome

Inexperienced and clumsy, he's only got one weapon:



HIS INSATIABLE DESIRE TO LEARN.



He soon finds out it's a double-edged weapon.



HE BEGINS GAINING EXPERIENCE. SOMETIMES IT'S GREAT...



...OTHERS, NOT SO MUCH.



GETTING UP HIS COURAGE,



HE KEEPS TRIPPING OVER THE SAME STONE.



AND... HE LEARNS.





THE MORE THE APPRENTICE LEARNS...



...THE MORE ENORMOUS, TURBULENT AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE KNOWLEDGE SEEMS.



HEROIC, FAR FROM BEING OVERWHELMED...



...HE DIVES INTO THE EYE OF THE HURRICANE.



...I WANT US TO LIVE TOGETHER.



NOW THE APPRENTICE REALIZES THE IMPORTANCE OF DETAILS...

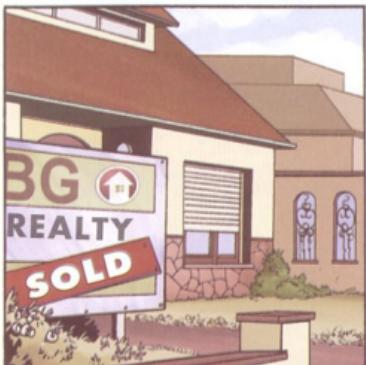
...AND OF GOOD PACING.



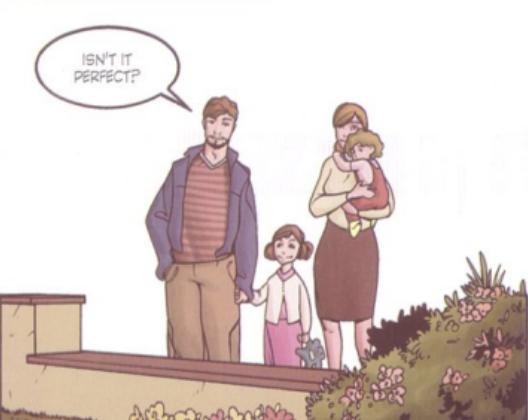
DEEPLY INVESTIGATING HIS PARTICULAR CASE...



HE ADVANCES AND GETS RESULTS!



NOW, NOTHING SCARES HIM, NOT EVEN THE BIGGEST DECISIONS





THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE OF TIME...



...DRAGS THE APPRENTICE TOWARD OTHER FIELDS OF KNOWLEDGE.



HOWEVER, HIS PARTICULAR CASE SEEMS PLAYED OUT.



OR IS HE THE ONE THAT'S PLAYED OUT?



ALL AT ONCE HE REALIZES HE KNOWS MORE THAN EVER...



AND NOW HE WANTS TO LEARN OTHER THINGS.

CONNECTED

THEY WERE BORN SIAMESE TWINS CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS. WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED, NOBODY FORESAW A TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCE.

ELSA, LOOK, TAKE A PHOTO!

DON'T BE STUPID. HERE COMES THE MONITOR!

REMEMBER WE'RE HERE FOR WORK!

SO, WHOEVER CAN GET A PHOTO OF AN ALBINO WOODCOCK WINS THE PRIZE.

REMEMBER THAT IT'S A SPECIES IN GRAVE DANGER OF EXTINCTION, SO BE VERY CAREFUL.

DO ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO, BUT GET THAT SHOT!

PREPARE YOUR DIGITAL CAMERAS AND GO FOR IT!

WHERE'RE YOU GOING?

I SAW ONE OF THOSE WOODCOCKS OVER BY THAT SKI INSTRUCTOR...

I GOTTA TAKE A LOOK...

SOFIA, DON'T MAKE ME KILL YOU!

CHILL OUT...

TO BE MORE PRECISE, INSIDE HIS PANTS.



WE'LL CONTINUE THE LESSON OFF THE TRAIL.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, TEACH.

OH, SORRY. DID I HURT YOU?

NO, IT'S OKAY.

YOU MADE REAL ONE OF MY FANTASIES.

NOW SLIDE DOWN, SLOWLY...

AHHH, I UNDERSTAND...

MM...

WOW, LOOKS LIKE THAT COLD THING'S A MYTH...

GOD!

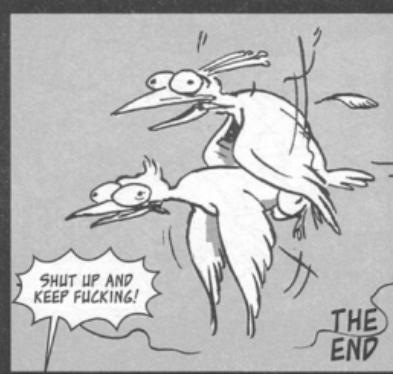
ALWAYS SUCH A SLUT!

COME HERE...

FORGET THE BIRD AND GIMME YOUR COCK.



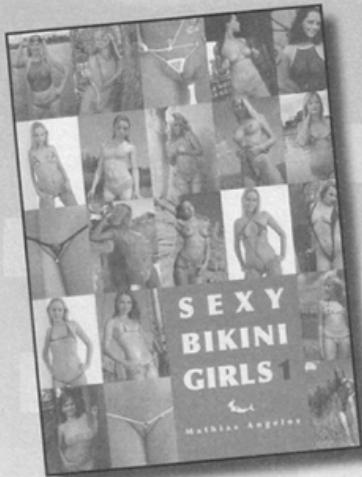




IF THE SCENES WITH THE WOODCOCKS GOT YOU EXCITED, WE RECOMMEND YOU SEE A DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY

Under the counter

Ruben Lardin



BIKINI REVOLUTION

When, in 1946, Louis Réard presented his bathing suit made of four triangular pieces of newspaper printed with articles about the American nuclear tests in the Bikini atoll, I don't think he imagined the global nature of the esthetic revolution his creation would bring about. The French designer looked for a model willing to shed her clothing and at last hired a dancer, Micheline Bernardini, who used to perform nude in the Casino de Paris. The media grabbed hold of the story and things have never been the same since. It hasn't been as difficult for Mathias Angelov, a 64-year-old German photographer, to find models wanting to pose, but he did have a hard time finding sexy bikinis when, a few years ago, he was commissioned for a calendar about them. It was so difficult, in fact, that he took charge of the matter and made his own, erotically designed bikinis, provocative and minimal, that wound up becoming the Nixxxe collection of bikinis and hot pants. This first volume of **SEXY BIKINI GIRLS** is sort of a catalog for that brand. A truly luxurious catalog. More than a hundred full-page photographs, where a ton of pretty, daring girls are dressed in criss-crossed straps, tiny scraps of cloth, transparent mesh, filmy stuff, and above all, pride in one's body. These bikinis, more than covering, accentuate, decorate, and celebrate. The best thing about Angelov's designs is that they negate nudity and shine as example to the fact that a "clothed" body is always more enticing than a nude one. But Angelov's also a pervert, and isn't about to lose sight of anything. The smallest fig leaf would be more chaste than any of the Nixxxe bikinis, which although defending vulgarity and precisely because of that, are very far from the sterile *Sports Illustrated* bikini specials, for example. Fashion is a form of tyranny that in part dictates how bodies should be and ideals of beauty, a commercial thing that winds up changing bodies. As such, the best option is to reinvent it constantly, laugh at it, and bring it to our own turf. Because beauty is on the outside, it always has been. A fantastic book to treat yourself to in the summer-time and stay with forever.

SEXY BIKINI GIRLS 1

Mathias Angelov

Edition Reuss

39.90€ in import bookstores or at <http://www.editionreuss.de/>

More information on the bikinis at: <http://www.nixxxe.com>



ELECTRIC DREAMS

Flickrdreams doesn't keep any secrets: it's a metablog about selecting the most evocative, sexiest, raunchiest or serviceable photos among the thousands and thousands that are uploaded daily on Flickr, a platform with visitors from all over the world – professionals, amateur photographers and simple city dwellers with loose trigger fingers – who use it as an album to post the images they capture in their everyday lives. **Flickrdreams** can't accommodate everything that appears on Flickr, of course, but it doesn't want to, either. What interests those running the blog is compiling Californian tits, shots of details with a certain artistic bent (that is, in black and white), and stereotypical bodies from the advertising canon. That's the primary idea, but something from left field always surfaces. The great thing about it isn't the photos posted on it, but instead, the direct links to the photos' original page, a Flickr page that could belong to a collector of everything they come across on the Internet or someone with exhibitionistic desires. From there on, navigating can run right off the tracks, but that's just what the Internet is, a bottomless pit where we always hope that the next click will uncover the door to a better, more beautiful and more exciting world. With God's good graces.

<http://www.flickrdreams.com>

(continued on page 39)

french kiss 21

Brainstorming

A guy starts masturbating on a bed. In his mind, a continuous chain of images flash by, submerging him in his memories. Yeah, like the one of the woman he lived with for a while, who sucked his cock while she sat on the toilet, pissing or shitting, and he, standing there, with his eyes shut like now, pushed aside the cups of her bra and fondled her small, round nipples. His cock starts getting hard and his mind plays out the scene with a Venezuelan whore, a mulatto, lanky, with green eyes and a round ass, who he hired every fifteen days because, among other reasons, she would crawl around on all fours through the park while he put his tongue in her ass and squeezed her round, full tits, driving her crazy. His cock rises and two hookers, Dominicans this time, one white and the other black, erupt into his memory. After more than two years, he again sees how the black one takes a dildo out of her purse, briefly fingers the white one's pussy, and then eases the dildo in while the white girl slowly begins sucking his dick. In synch with the rhythm of the blow job, the dildo moves furiously inside her pussy, going in and coming out like a piston. The black girl greedily licks the white girl's ass cheeks and smacks them with the palm of her hand. The white girl moans while he holds her by the back of her neck and plunges his cock into her mouth. As his hand accelerates, his mind manipulates and twists the scene with a waitress who, one night, was determined to show him the book Sex by Madonna in a metaphoric sense that he misinterpreted, and with whom he had never, up to that moment, had sex. He thinks about her in the women's restroom at the bar, inviting her to do some speed and rubbing her ass while she snorts the line. She sees kissing her neck and earlobes. She sees her squeezing his cock in her pussy while he caresses her small breasts, sucking and nibbling her thin lips, and, masturbating on the bed at his house, his mind recreates the color and texture of her bra while she stocked the fridges at the bar. Then he substitutes this image for the one of the forty-something woman who, in the same bathroom of the same bar, invited him to do some coke and gave him a fast, mechanical blow job. Nothing exciting. Not then and not now, as he notices his cock getting soft and quickly changes to the scene with the Guinean girl, also a waitress, who, in bed at her house one far away night, put her finger, wrapped in a mint flavored condom in his ass while she juiced up his cock with saliva and jerked him off; then later, with that same finger, pointed to her shaved pussy, demanding that he eat it. And him there, rolling his tongue around

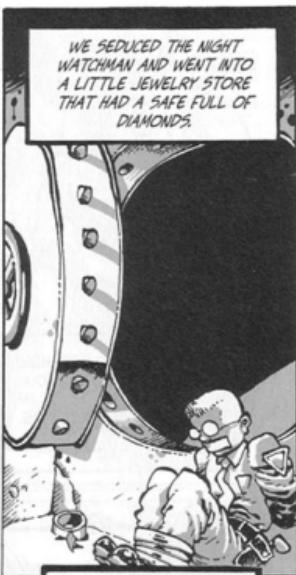
inside her, mixing her juices with his saliva... he could almost smell her when he felt his cock spouting. He lay still, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling of the room. He let himself drift away for a few moments by the exciting absence of thoughts before taking up the task again, at slow intervals, running his finger up and down his cock, in no hurry, while another image from the past crept into his mind: the bouncy breasts and pale little nipples of a woman he met at an after party and wound up seeing again in the bed of that apartment in that bedroom town. His hand massaging her pussy. Her thick lips, in red lipstick, kissing the head of his dick. Then, inside her mouth, with her round, long tongue running up and down it while she massaged her tits and pulled on her nipples, and cupped his balls, wrapping her hand around them, caressing them, kissing them. After that, she licked his asshole, a dark, sticky kiss with a violent tongue. He feels the veins in his cock swell as he sees her lying there, with her legs on the bed, her face against the pillow, and her ass pointed up toward him. And him behind, guiding his cock to the opening of her pussy, entering easily, pushing into that round, dripping, hot hole that absorbed him, and fucking it hard. From the same depths, he pulled out the fetishistic scene with the androgynous girl. Her body tattooed with nihilistic quotes: *Society enslaves us. There is no future. Hate is beauty. Fuck me although you disgust me.* He sees her handcuffed to the rails of her bed, sees how with each thrust her hands tremble and her face contracts. She whips back and forth. Her body is a thrashing mass. She grunts with excitement. She tightens her ass and her pussy shakes, throbs, melts around his cock. She wraps her thighs around his waist and two intense, electric orgasms take her. She screams, she bites him... And he's about to come. The last flashback in this all-you-can-eat sex bar: the scene from *The Hour of Shadows* where Peter Weller's with two Asian prostitutes smoking opium. He tries to imagine them in his bed at this exact moment, but his thoughts scatter. They dissolve in his enormous miscellany of pornography, and then pile up, one image after another, until they melt like a big splash of mercury. He comes in waves of fantasy and everything disappears like a shiver brings him back to his solitude. The emptiness lives in his mind and embalms his memory. He only notices a cold place in his bed.

Then he closes his eyes, which he finds is easier than thinking about how the woman he really likes is fucking someone else tonight.

AGNES AND I HAD SPENT TWO WEEKS TOGETHER. SO I DECIDED IT WAS TIME FOR HER TO COMMIT HER FIRST CRIME. NOTHING TOO DIFFICULT, OF COURSE.



WE SEDUCED THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AND WENT INTO A LITTLE JEWELRY STORE THAT HAD A SAFE FULL OF DIAMONDS.



THE WORK WAS ALMOST DONE WHEN I GOT THE INCREDIBLE URGE TO TEST MY COMPANION. FUCK, SOMETIMES I SURPRISE MYSELF.

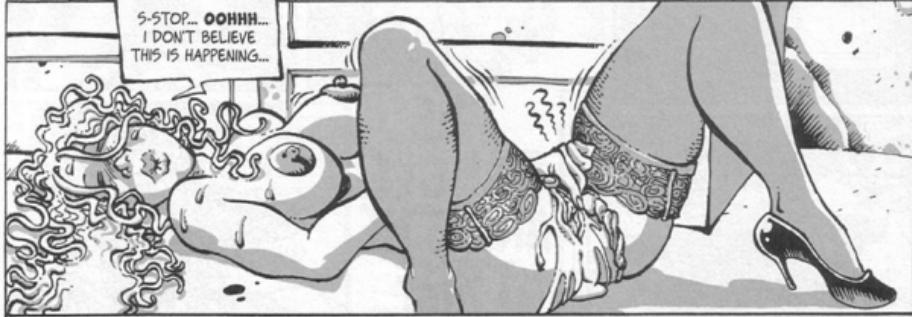


THE FIANCEE AND THE THIEF

STORY AND DRAWINGS
BY GREGORY COOPER

LOOK AT ME.
LOOK AT MY
BODY.















NOW THAT I THINK
ABOUT IT, IT WAS
TOTALLY CRAZY, BUT... IT
WAS ALL SO PERFECT.
THERE WAS THAT HOUSE
WHERE A BORED, RICH
YOUNG COUPLE LIVED
SURROUNDED BY LUXURY...













Under the counter

(continued from page 25)



BIZZARE ADVENTURES

Fred Berger (1957) got into photography at an early age, through the world of haute couture that his mother frequented as a model. He spent his childhood traveling the world and immersing himself in other cultures, developing a keen eye. But he also found the time and determination to graduate in political science and journalism from the University of New York. His big break came in 1982 when he created *Propaganda*, a magazine devoted to the underground, which today is remembered worldwide as "the counterculture Vogue." Since the end of its publication in 2002, Berger has dedicated all his time to erotic styling and fetish photography. His work has enriched the pages of popular titles such as *Lui*, and cult ones such as Marquis and SM Sniper. Today he is a revered name in both worlds. *Pulp Fetish*, far from an anthology or catalog, is a book with very specific intentions that cites John Willie, The Bettie Page of Irving Klaw, and the whole tradition of pin-ups inhabiting calendars and cheap comic books, and providing warm food for thought. All of it very ingenious in form but very perverse at heart. With a campy look and omnipresent sense of humor, Berger sets the scene with the eroticism of uniforms and the light comedy of domination. Whips in the ass, military paraphernalia, riding crops, high boots, police, pirates, cowboys and Indians, Japanese girls in trouble and lots of class-related flatsomes and jetsam. Clothbound and published by Goliath books, it's almost 180 pages of infantile joy and healthy eroticism.

PULP FETISH

Fred Berger

Goliath Books

29.90€ at import bookstores or at www.goliathbooks.com

A screenshot of the Yuvutu website. The top navigation bar includes links for "Accueil", "Mon compte", "Panier", and "Se déconnecter". Below this is a search bar and a "Rechercher" button. The main content area shows a grid of video thumbnails, each with a small preview image and some text below it. On the right side, there are sections for "Meilleures ventes", "Meilleurs vendeurs", and "Meilleurs auteurs". A sidebar on the right contains links for "Accès administrateur", "Aide", "Conditions générales", "Politique de confidentialité", "Politique de cookies", and "Mentions légales". At the bottom, there's a footer with links for "A propos de Yuvutu", "Qui sommes-nous?", "Comment nous contacter?", "FAQ", "Centre d'aide", and "Conditions générales".



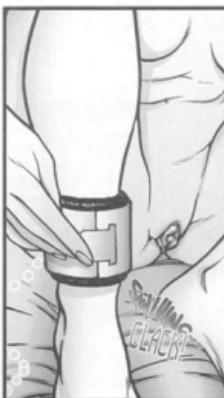
NEITHER YouTube NOR YouTube

YouTube and similar sites are one of the most important revolutions occurring on the so-called Web 2.0. Now, with the television we've known all our lives rendered an obsolete format, everyone's choosing the garbage they want to swallow and you can even, get this, opt for quality content. The only problem is that the business of authors' rights complicates the possibility of seeing certain content, although everything is going along fine and active web surfers do their own thing. This subject will soon resolve itself. What will never change is the self-imposed censorship, that holds open pornography at bay and puts it where it's always been and always should be: on the fringe. Yuvutu is one of those fringe efforts, a distribution service of small-format videos, identical to YouTube but specialized in homemade videos for adults. It's the same: you search, you click and you watch. And there's no registering for a free account to upload your own videos. There's a filter for the user to choose a preference for soft, hardcore or "extreme" material, and different channels that differentiate between hetero, gay or lesbian. It allows comments, offers chat, a forum and different search categories. The usual. There are some who upload their favorite videos without saying whether they're their own productions or cribbed from whatever web site is around, but the system of "etiquette" allows you to find as much authentic amateur material as you want. I don't know how many videos go up on the site every day, but I can say that among the sites similar to Yuvutu we've seen up to now, this is the most effective and the best source of satisfying content for a jerk-off. Go right to the favorites.

<http://www.yuvutu.com>

Nerea

By: Brito & Val











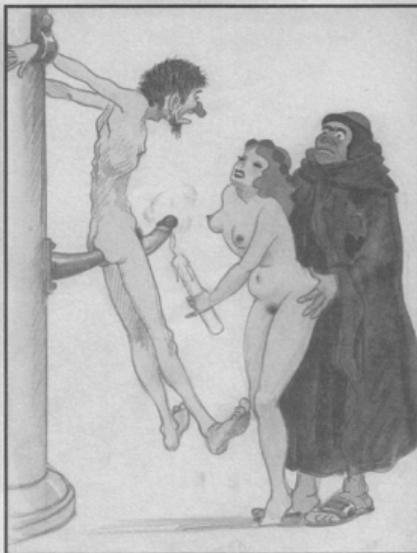


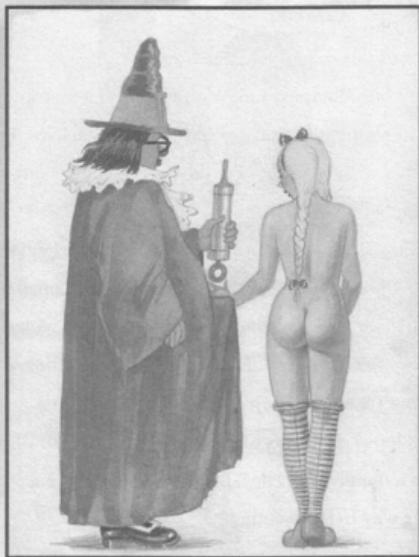
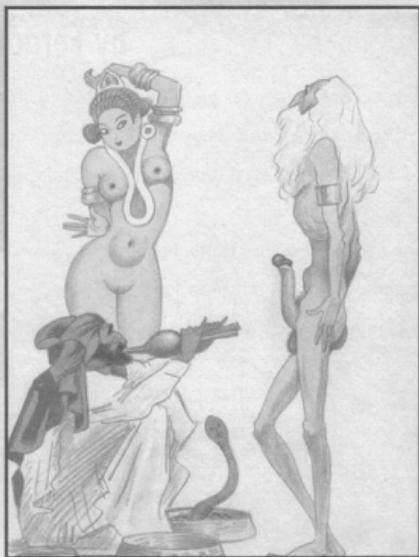


The erotic art of... Gigi Amaldi (VI)

An immigrant of Italian origin, Amaldi traveled over the regions of Argentina offering to depict the portraits of all those who could afford them. Of course, the illustrations of the important people in those small villages were not done merely to keep him fed. What really fascinated our artist was this collection, which he baptized *The True History of Humanity*. The title alone manifests the artist's biting sense of humor, since even then he knew that sex is one of the main motors of our civilization and all those that have gone before it. This said, in silent homage, we take off our hat once again to his masterly brush....





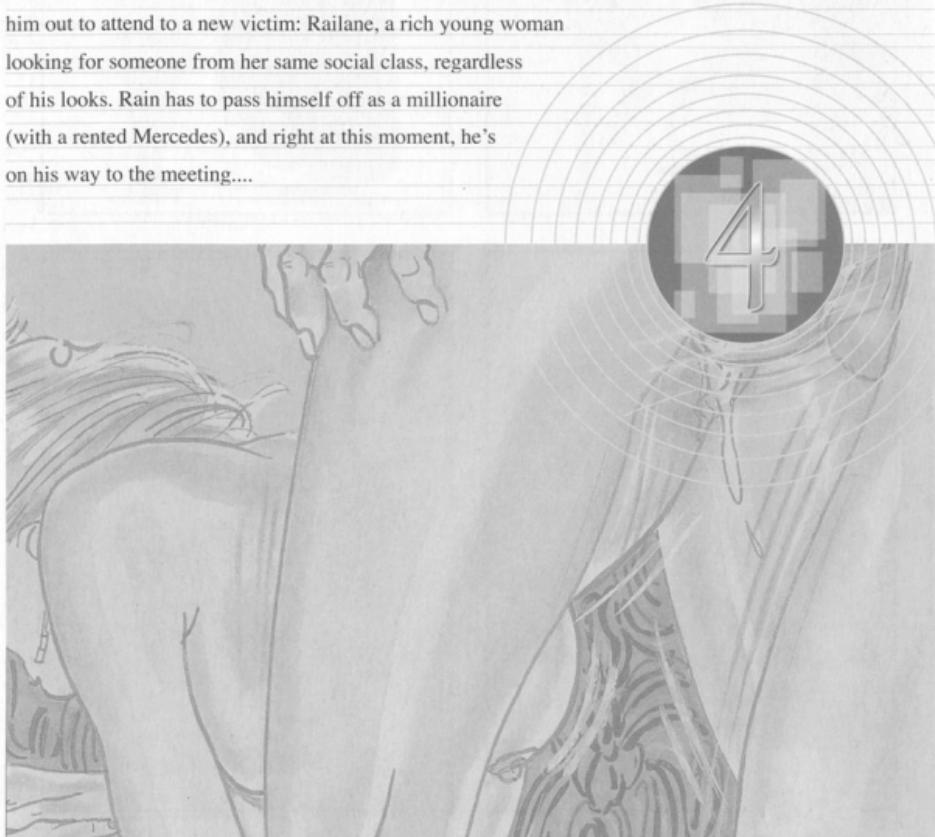


Contacts

by Ferocius

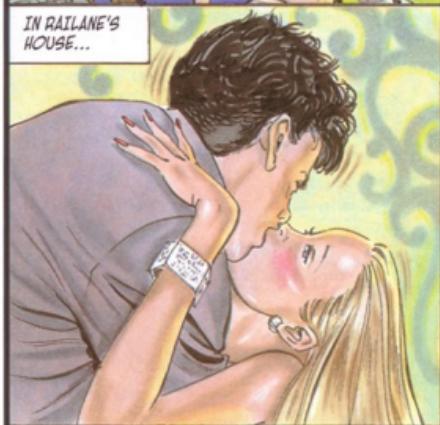
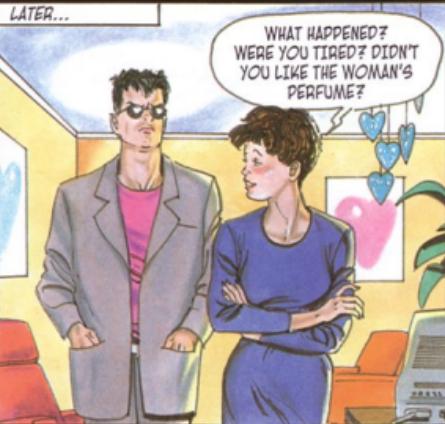
Happy Introductions Ltd. is (apparently) a matrimonial agency where singles go to find their ideal mate. But, in reality, this facade hides a dirty business: the *ideal companions* the agency offers those seeking romance are actually prostitutes and gigolos, who, after satisfying the sexual urges of the clients, vanish without a trace.

Clarence Rain is one of those gigolos. In the beginning he even flirted with Betty, his boss; but now that things have cooled down he finds himself trapped in her game and can't return to Jane Sedwick, one of the clients he seems to have fallen in love with. Betty is inflexible and in our last episode she sends him out to attend to a new victim: Railane, a rich young woman looking for someone from her same social class, regardless of his looks. Rain has to pass himself off as a millionaire (with a rented Mercedes), and right at this moment, he's on his way to the meeting....



THE UNSATISFIED CLIENT ARRIVES FIRST WITH THE STORY...

LATER...



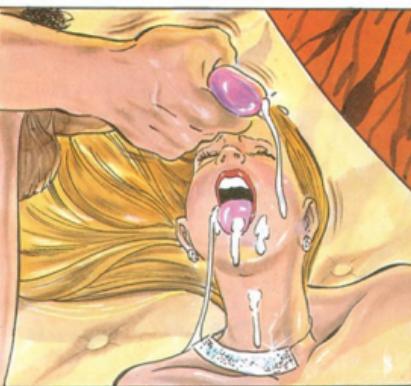




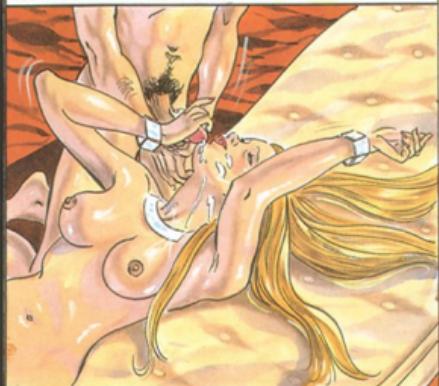
47

RAILANE HAS ANOTHER INCREDIBLE ORGASM.

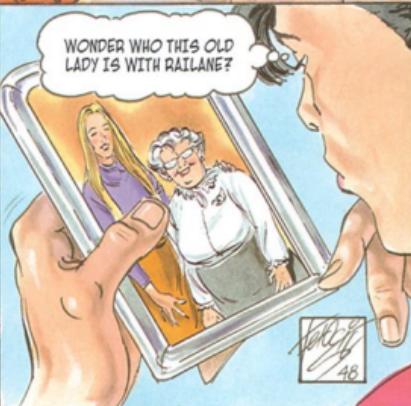
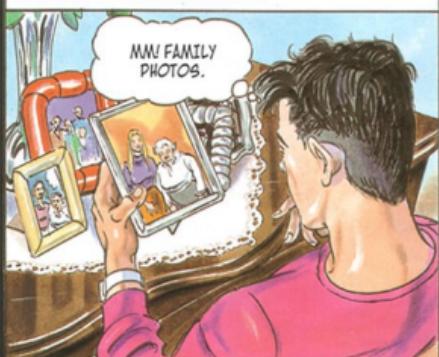
SHE HAPPILY RECEIVES A CUM SHOWER...

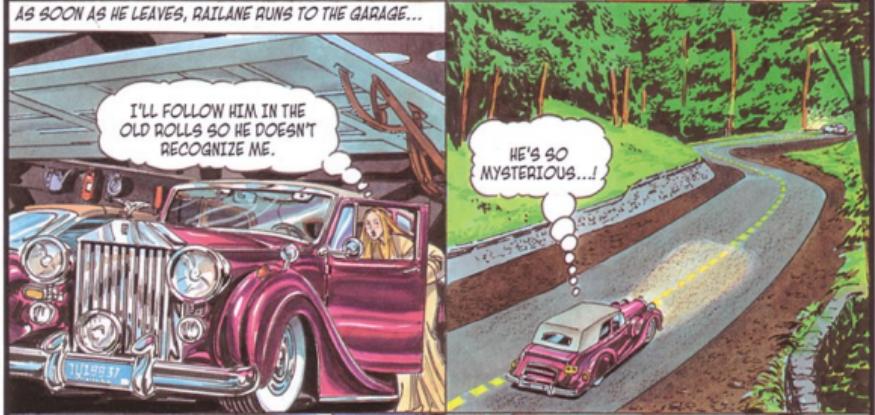
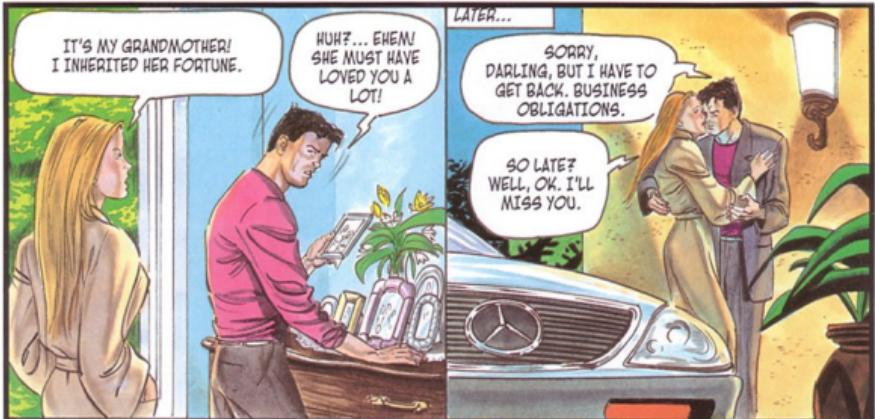


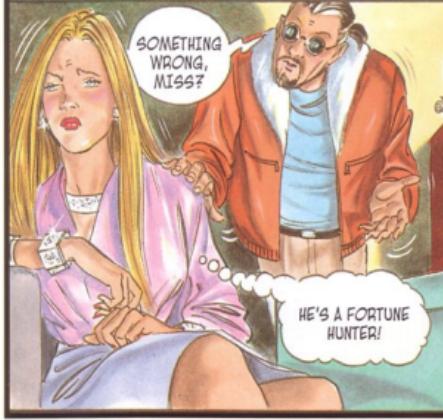
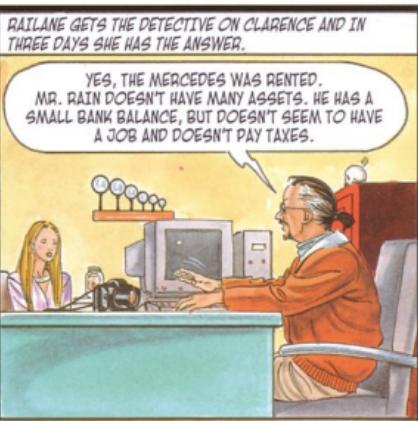
AND ENDS UP ALL PLAYED OUT.



CLARENCE IS INTERESTED IN EVERYTHING ABOUT RAILANE, SO HE STARTS CHECKING AROUND...







LATER, IN HAPPY INTRODUCTIONS, INC....

I ASK YOU FOR A MILLIONAIRE AND YOU INTRODUCE ME TO A GOLD DIGGER, AND TO TOP IT OFF YOU CHARGE A FORTUNE. WHAT IS THIS, SOME KIND OF SCAM?



NOW, CALM DOWN MISS RAILANE! MR. RAIN SEEMS TO HAVE FOOLED US ALL WITH FALSE DOCUMENTATION. I'LL RETURN YOUR MONEY AND WE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT IT, ALRIGHT?



LATER...

YOU FUCKIN' CON ARTIST! YOU WERE SEEING THAT RICH BITCH ON THE SLY!



DO YOU WANT ME TO CASH THAT 200-THOUSAND-DOLLAR CHECK?

WAIT, LET ME EXPLAIN!



THERE'S NOTHING TO EXPLAIN. YOU'RE IN MY HANDS AND YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT I SAY, UNDERSTAND?!



HAI I WAS GONNA GET HER TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ME AND THEN TELL HER: "OH, I'M SORRY, I LOST EVERYTHING IN A BAD DEAL. WILL YOU STILL MARRY ME?" IDIOT!!



THE NEXT DAY...
BACK TO WORK!!

HERE, THIS IS
PROSTAGLANDIN SPRAY IN CASE
YOU CAN'T GET IT UP. I'LL TAKE IT
OUT OF YOUR PERCENTAGE,
IT'S REALLY EXPENSIVE.

YOU WERE A COMICS
ILLUSTRATOR RIGHT? WELL, THIS CHICK
IS INTO ART AND YOU MUST KNOW
SOMETHING ABOUT IT.



TAKE HER TO THE FRANK
STELLA EXHIBITION. THIS IS THE
REVIEW FROM THE NEW YORK
TIMES. MEMORIZE IT AND ACT
LIKE YOU HAVE SOME CULTURE,
EVEN IF IT'S ONLY FOR A DAY,
UNDERSTAND?



"I KNEW IT FROM THE
FIRST MOMENT I
SAW YOU"

ME TOO!



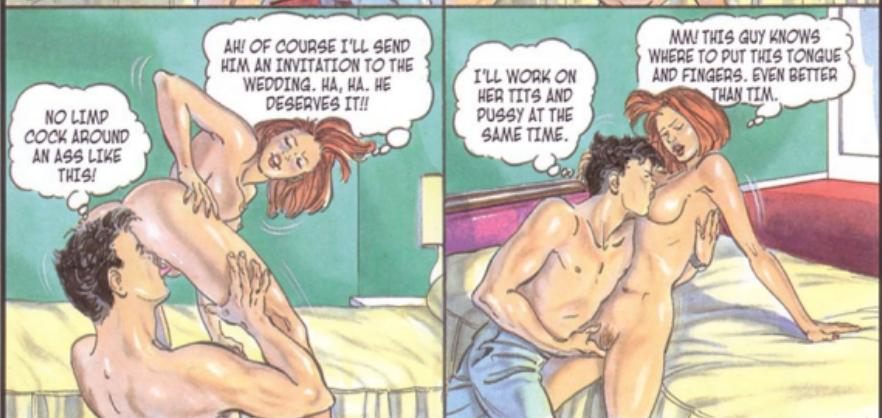
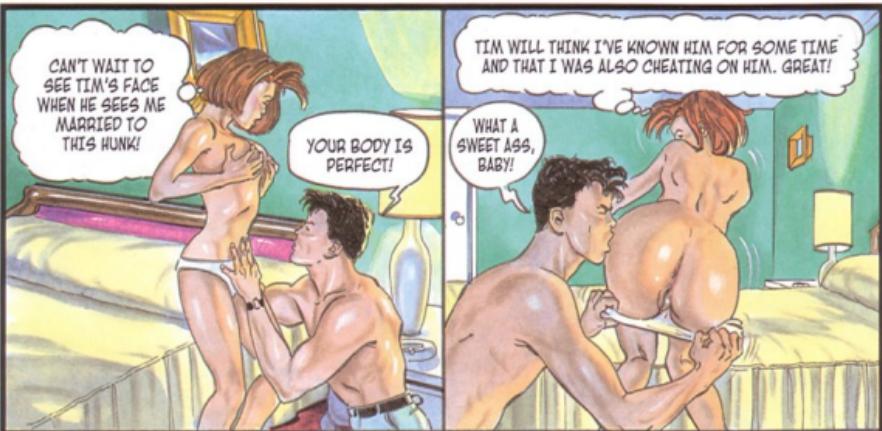
LATER...

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT STELLA IS THE
GEOMETRIC QUALITY OF HIS WORKS, AND
HIS THICK, PASTY TECHNIQUE. THERE'S
SOMETHING OF JASPER JOHNS IN IT.
DON'T YOU THINK?

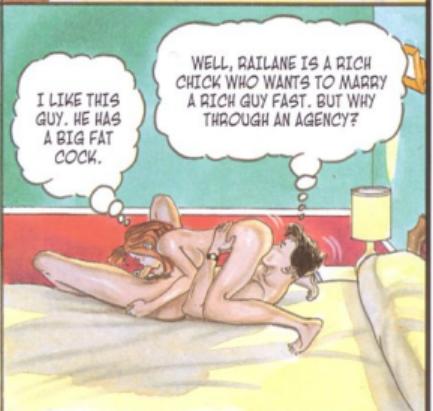
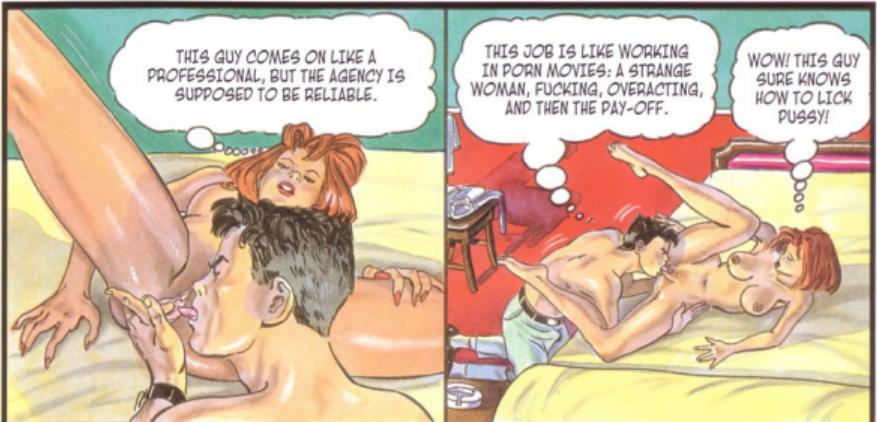


THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE ROOM STARTS TO HEAT UP AND
CLARENCE SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN RAILANE.

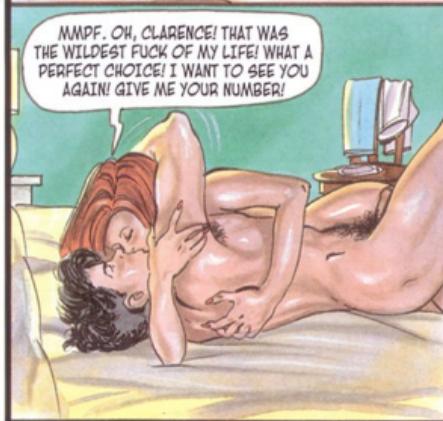




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RAILANE...

YA KNOW, THE GUY WAS REALLY COOL.

I HAVE A MONTH LEFT TO FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR. BUT THINKING OF HIM MAKES ME HORNY AS HELL.

YOU REALLY KNEW HOW TO DO IT, FUCKER. YOUR COCK WAS LIKE MY FIVE FINGERS. YOU KNEW HOW TO JUICE UP A PUSSY.

OUTSIDE THE MANSION...

OOF! I COULDN'T STAY ONE DAY MORE IN FLORIDA.

LEAVE US HERE. I DON'T HAVE THE KEYS TO THE BIG GATE.

THAT 14-HOUR TRIP MADE MY LEGS STIFF.

WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU IS VARICOSE VEINS AND HEMORRHOIDS, MADAM.

HEY, WHY IS THE ROLLS-ROYCE OUT? I'M SURE I LEFT IT IN THE GARAGE.

57





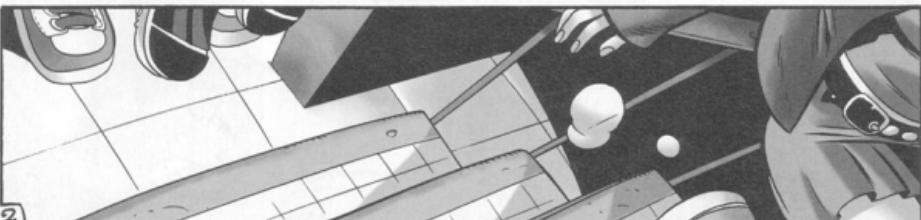
MEANWHILE...



a NEW LIFE
MAN 03

CO-EDS













6:16 A.M.













WE'LL CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION
TONIGHT. NOW GO TO THE FACULTY
AND DO SOMETHING WORTHWHILE.
BUT WHEN YOU GET BACK YOU'RE
NOT GOING OUT UNTIL YOU DO
YOUR CHORES.

UNDERSTAND?

ABEN

YES, DAD.

THAT DAMN GUY ON THE
SCOOTER FUCKED IT ALL
UP!

I'M STUCK
HERE, AND I DON'T
KNOW SHIT ABOUT
MOTORS.

IT'LL ALL BECAUSE OF
THAT SCOOTER AND
THIS TREE!

VRRRRNNN

HEY,
WHAT'S THAT?

MAYBE MY FATHER'S
THE REASON WHY I NEED
MESSALINA...MAYBE THAT'S
WHY I NEED TO USE MEN.

TO CONSOLE MYSELF.

USE THEM FOR NO OTHER
REASON BUT MY OWN
PLEASURE...

GNYUUK

HEY!

...NOW I KNOW I
NEED MESSALINA.

SORRY...LOOK, I'M
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU
BUT COULD YOU GIVE ME
A LIFT INTO TOWN?

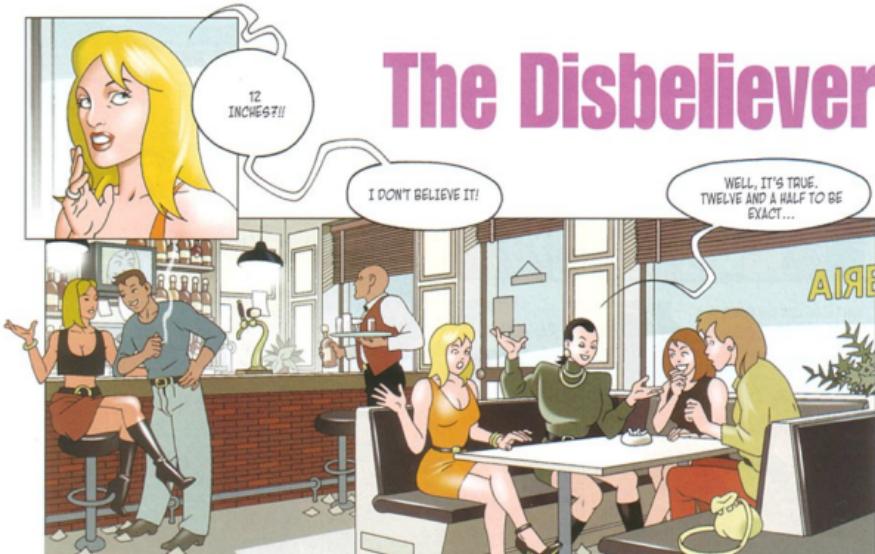
?

!

...IT'S HER. SHE'S
HERE...SHE'S REAL!



The Disbeliever







THE 8TH! IF ONE DAY THE SCHOLARS...



3









Flora. Once Upon a Time There Was an Orgy

Atilio Gamedotti





DON'T THREATEN ME, DICKHEAD. YOU SAID I HAVE TO CHANGE MY MIND TO FUCK.

EITHER THAT, OR CHANGE SOME FACTORS, OR WHATEVER... IS IT ME OR IS IT GETTING REALLY WARM HERE?

HOW DID I GET HERE? WHAT'VE YOU DONE?

I'VE CHANGED THE EXTERNAL FACTORS. YOU'RE IN THE DESERT. I SUPPOSE WITH ALL THAT HEAT YOU'LL TAKE SOMETHING OFF....

DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP, ONLY MY JACKET, SONOVABITCH!

YOU'RE IN MY HANDS.

OH YEAH, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'LL ACCOMPLISH, ASSHOLE?

SINCE YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ORGY, I THOUGHT YOU'D PREFER ANOTHER PLACE.

LIKE THIS BETTER?

WHAT I'D LIKE IS TO STRANGLE YOU, ASSHOLE.

YOU'RE A REAL SHIT! SO, IF I DON'T JOIN THE ORGY, YOU LEAVE ME HERE...

WELL, NOT NECESSARILY.

HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO MY JACKET?

NOTHING, YOU DON'T WANT TO FUCK, AND I DON'T WANT TO DRAW YOUR JACKET.

ASSHOLE...

SO, IF I DON'T DO WHAT YOU WANT, YOU LEAVE ME HERE TO FREEZE TO DEATH.

I PROMISED THE READERS I'D GET YOU TO FUCK. I OWE IT TO MY FANS.



BUT... DAD-DING, YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART.

WELL, THIS GUY'S BREAKING MY BUTT-HOLE. BE HAPPY IT'S NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND!

HEY, GO SLOWER, ANIMAL...

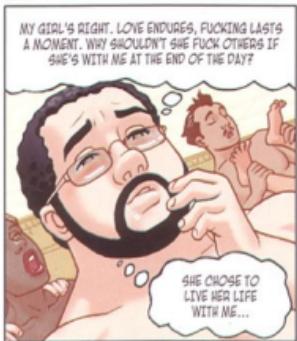
OOPS!! SORRY BABE.

JERK ERIC
FANG ERIC













DEAR READERS: PLEASE EXCUSE THIS ENDING. IT WASN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND. I WANTED TO REFLECT ON THE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS IN LIFE: WHERE DO WE COME FROM? WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHO'LL WIN THE WORLD SERIES? DOES GOD EXIST? IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH? BUT AS YOU SEE, FLORA SCREWED THE COMIC BECAUSE OF HER HUGE EGO, WHICH IS WHAT THIS EPISODE WAS ABOUT. IF YOU WANT, YOU CAN REJECT ON THAT, AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO THINK, YOU CAN WATCH "BIG BROTHER" — THAT'S WHAT IT'S FOR.

NO ANIMALS WERE ABUSED DURING THE CREATION OF THIS COMIC.

THE PENGUINS WERE MIDGETS IN DISGUISE.

